The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1800.

I muſt claim the indulgence of my ſubſcribers for the non-appearance of the Magazine on Saturday laſt; imperious circumſtances prevented its publication; every one knows that *neceſſitas non habet leges*, therefore I muſt excuſe myſelf in that way.—Some perſons may ſuppoſe from this circumſtance that I wiſh to introduce the French *decade*, or week of ten days; but as this would be taking advantage of my patrons, I hope they will not harbor the idea.

GENERAL MONK *and his* WIFE.

FROM a MS. collection I ſhall reſcue an anecdote, which has a tendency to ſhew, that it is not adviſable to permit ladies to remain at home, when political plots are to be ſecretly diſcuſſed. And, while it diſplays the treachery of Monk's wife, it will alſo appear, that, like other great revolutioniſts, it was ambition that firſt induced him to become the reformer he pretended to be.

'Monk gave fair promiſes to the Rump, but laſt agreed with the French ambaſſador to take the government on himſelf; by whom he had a promiſe from Mazarine of aſſiſtance from France. This bargain was ſtruck late at night; but not ſo ſecretly but what Monk's wife, who had poſted herſelf conveniently behind the hangings, finding what was reſolved upon, ſent her brother Clarges away immediately, with notice of it to ſir A. A. She had promiſed to watch her huſband, and inform ſir A. how matters went. Sir A. cauſed the council of ſtate, whereof he was a member, to be ſummoned, and charged Monk that he was playing falſe. The general inſiſted that he was true to his principles, and firm to what he promiſed, and that he was ready to give them all ſatisfaction. Sir A. told him, if he were ſincere he might remove all ſcruples, and ſhould inſtantly take away their commiſſions from ſuch and ſuch men in his army, and appoint others, and that before he left the room. Monk conſented; a great part of the commiſſions of his officers were changed, and ſir Edward Harley, a member of the council, and then preſent, was made governor of Dunkirk, in the room of ſir William Lockhart; the army ceaſed to be at Monk's devotion; the ambaſſador was recalled, and broke his heart.'

Such were the effects of the infidelity of the wife of general Monk!

ANNE BULLEN.

Every particular relating to eminent perſons in hiſtory intereſts the reflecting mind. One can hardly be too minute, though an unſkilful writer may become prolix. It is the opinion of the laborious Doctor Birch, that too many facts cannot be given; in Houſſaie's Memoires, vol. 1. p. 435, a little circumſtance is recorded concerning the decapitation of the unfortunate Anne Bullen, which illuſtrates an obſervation of Hume, who mentions that her executioner was a Frenchman of Calais, who was ſuppoſed to have uncommon ſkill; it is probable that the following incident might have been preſerved by tradition in France, from the account of the executioner himſelf. Anne Bullen being on the ſcaffold, would not conſent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, ſaying, that ſhe had no fear of death. All that the divine who aſſiſted at her execution could obtain from her was, that ſhe would ſhut her eyes. But as ſhe was opening them at every moment, and that the executioner was fearful of miſſing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen. He drew off his ſhoes, and approached her ſilently; while he was at her left hand, another perſon advanced at her right, who made a great noiſe in walking, ſo that this circumſtance drawing the attention of Anne, ſhe turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to ſtrike the fatal blow, without being diſarmed by that ſpirit of affecting reſignation which ſhone in the eyes of the lovely Anne Bullen.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page* 141.]

CHAP. XIII.

Had she in fam'd Cortona's town been found
When Zeuris gather'd all the beauties round,
Culling each grace from many a naked dame
For Juno's fame a faultless shape to frame;
She for his model had alone suffic'd
Since all perfection was in her compris'd.

Book II. Orlando Furioso.

MAJOR Grey's arrival prevented so long a stay as the gentleman otherwise would have made with Mr. Selfwill, and promising to repeat it the first opportunity, they accompanied the Major, who had indispensible business, to town. This was the first time our young hero was in London, which exceeded all those strong ideas his youthful mind had before imbibed of it. He was never tired of walking about the streets, and in every one he passed, he found something or other new and entertaining. Lord Edward was in town waiting for them, and the young men were often together. Lord Edward introduced him to many others about their own age, and parties were continually made to go to the different places of amusement. Sometimes Major Grey and Mr. Freeman accompanied them; at others the young men were alone. Three weeks quickly passed in this agreeable manner. To a mind like Smith's ever eager for information, nothing could be more grateful; nor is to be wondered at, that the first taste of the enticing pleasures of the ever gay metropolis, should have irresistible charms. Like rich and voluptuous dainties are all those gratifications of the mind, which do not naturally mingle themselves with our usual occupations: therefore we say, "forbidden pleasures are the sweetest," because the very act of being forbidden makes them seem scarce, and as if it were, new and unknown; but when the novelty wears away, custom again urges us to resume those which were before familiar, and, as it were natural to us: hence we see the force of that expression of the moralist, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." He, who has ever lived in retirement with a few chosen acquaintance, if he is of a sociable turn of mind, will perceive, on the introduction of a stranger, a change in their common manner and conversation, which will make his company agreeable; but the moment the novelty wears off, if the man has no intrinsic worth or amusement in him, the conversation soon grows tiresome, and at last even offensive:—so it is with what is generally called pleasure—the less we take of it the more agreeable it is: There are no set of people so completely unhappy, as they who live in a constant course of frivolous amusement; for our pleasures are like the famous sibylline leaves, they become more and more valuable the more they are diminished, and have like them too, a greater name being rarely tried and made use of. Our party arrived at Oxford; Dick, not the least merry of the company, swore to Lord Edward's valet that he was always certain Mr. Smith was born to be a gentleman. Lord Edward was entered as a nobleman's son, at C. C. and Smith a commoner, till the promised studentship was vacated this, he was assured, he should receive before he came to reside, which was not intended till after the long vacation. At Oxford the gentlemen separated; Lord Edward and Mr. Freeman returned together into Wales, and Smith accompanied Major Grey to his house in Wiltshire. Old Abraham and Mrs. Mary were so astonished, they lost words to express their joy; though they had before expected their master, they little thought who was to accompany him. Old Abraham looked at our hero, who shook him cordially by the hand, as if he was his own, proud of one he had given the first instructions to, and whom he had so great a value for. Smith clasped Mrs. Mary round the neck, and gave her so hearty a smack, that he even raised a blush among those maiden furrows with which time had dignified her cheek. After our hero had retired with his friend into the parlour, to tell the conversation that passed, among Dick and his fellow-servants, it would be difficult indeed. Dick talked of his bravery; Abraham of his improvement, and no doubt great learning; and Mrs. Mary of his form, his stature, and his beauty in no very homely stile; so surprised were they at his unexpected coming, they almost forgot their beloved master, a man, whom Timon, the misanthrope, himself could not have avoided loving. Among other things the Major informed Smith, that he had been offered a regiment if he would once more go to the West, and that the offer was so advantageous, he did not think proper to refuse: "I am more accustomed to the climate," said he, "and have much less to fear from its baneful effects than a fresh man." He told him, that from the time he landed at St. Domingo, he proposed doubling the sum he at present allowed him. The Major also gave him some excellent advice, which, though it was far from diffuse, I forbear to repeat, as it was all comprised under the two words "Take care." After remaining a month with his friend, he prepared to return to St. Donats, and the Major again was going to town; Dick was to attend him as far as Bristol with Major Grey's horses; from thence he was to cross the new passage. Lamentations and sorrow, as usual on such occasions, duly took place at his departure.

As they entered Bristol, a gentleman's chaise passed them very quick; but our hero instantly caught a glance of the fair maiden he had rescued, and her father, and presently after followed on horseback the other gentleman who had accompanied her father, and two servants. He had bowed as the carriage passed him, and it was faintly returned by the old gentleman, but not so faintly, he thought, by his fair daughter. The person, who followed, had not noticed him, but his look clearly showed that he had not forgot him. As he found himself particularly interested about the lady, he determined to wait a few days at Bristol, and even ride over to Bath, in hopes, by some means or other, of again seeing her. He went to the play that evening, and had not been long in the house, before he perceived the lovely object that employed his thoughts; the uncivil stranger was sitting by her side alone. Smith had determined, at all events, to speak to her when he perceived a gentleman enter the same box, whom he had lately been introduced to in town by Lord Edward: he was a young man not much older than himself, a Baronet, Sir Harry Valence. He entered into conversation with the parties, and seemed to be pefectly acquainted. Smith endeavoured to catch his eye, and soon succeeded; he came immediately out of the box, and meeting Smith in the lobby, told him how glad he was to see him: Smith returning his civility, asked him, who was the gentleman and lady he had just left? "The lady," said he, "I have some little knowledge of." "And I hope," replied Sir Harry, "you have no thought of having any more, as the trial, I can assure you will be all in vain; her father has determined to marry her to that hopeful youth that sits beside her."

"Who is he?

"Her couſin, That wretch, a brother Baronet, will you believe it, Smith, has twenty thouſand a year, with an enormous quantity of ready money, ſaved during his minority. He is as ſtingy as a reformed ſpendthrift, and as ſuſpicious as a married rake; every body would call him a fool, was he not as well known a knave as any in the kingdom; he is the greateſt coxcomb on the face of the earth, and while he affects to be acquainted with every thing, he is a thouſand times worſe off than if he knew nothing."

"Enough of the wretch, my good Sir Harry; but tell me, who is his couſin?"

"She is, Smith:—how ſhall I praiſe her enough—I cannot do it, ſo I will not injure her excellence by trying. You muſt take one with the other, and I aſſure you ſhe has enough goodneſs even to make him go down: ſo come along, I'll introduce you to both together." Taking our hero by the arm, he led him inſtantly to the box. "Miſs Modeley," ſaid he, "let me have the pleaſure of introducing Mr. Smith to you.—Sir Sandy Simeon Swain, this is my friend, Mr. Smith, a man of as much honour as if he had been born in Wales."—Sir Sandy roſe from his ſeat, and bowed to Mr. Smith. Miſs Modeley's fine eyes ſhowed ſhe was not diſpleaſed at the introduction. Our youth had now the pleaſure of talking to his adored miſtreſs; but every word he uttered was ſo attended to by his rival, that he found himſelf very much conſtrained in his addreſs to her. He was ſoon to leave Briſtol—he had no time to think of the propriety of his conduct, but he determined if poſſible, at any rate, to open his heart to the ſweet maid. The dread of loſing her overcome every other ſenſation, every other thought; the impetuoſity of his temper took the lead of his reaſon. Riſing up after the firſt act, he took Sir Harry by the arm, and motioned him to leave the box.

"My dear Sir Harry," ſaid he warmly the moment they entered the lobby, "if you can contrive to get me five minutes converſation with that charming girl alone, you will eternally oblige me; I'll give you my reaſon another time." "That I eaſily could," ſaid the other, "for I have Sir Sandy a little in awe (you ſhall have my ſecret too another time;) but I expect Mr. Modely every minute. How unlucky," added he, "I have not a ſervant in the houſe, or I could do it as it is." "A man I can depend upon," replied Smith, eagerly, "I this moment ſaw in the pit; he came with me from the Major's; he will do any thing to ſerve me. I'll call him this moment; what is he to do?" Sir Harry now explained his plot to our hero; that, by the ſtory of a ſham quarrel, he purpoſed to gain the attention of Mr. Modely, (whoſe grand hobby was a pugiliſtic rencounter) and to draw Sir Sandy from the lady, under the plea, that he muſt aſſiſt him in getting her father from the crowd, while Smith was to ſtay and protect the fair one. Dick was ſoon found; and being informed of his poſt, replied, "It is the very thing, Sir, I have been wiſhing for; becauſe I ſhould have fought a damned fellow in the Pit, that would not ſit down, and told me, I might do as I could; but my maſter deſired me to take care, and not to get into any quarrels." At this moment the father of the fair damſel entered the lobby; Sir Harry hurried away Dick, and promiſed to keep him in talk till he returned with his antagoniſt. Smith haſtened back to the box where he had left his fair one, unconſcious of the ſtorm her charms were now raiſing. Dick ſoon came back, followed by another, and when he ſaw Sir Harry ſtanding at the door, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by Mr. Modeley, "I'll fight you directly, if I can meet with a ſecond!?' Mr. Modeley, haſtily turning round, cried out, "Fight! who? what? I'll take care you ſhall have fair play. I'll be—I mean, I'll get you a ſecond."—then looking at the other man, exclaimed, "What, Brute, this is one of your old tricks!" The man who had offended Dick, was a famous boxer, and well known to Mr. Modeley, who was a patron, as well as amateur in that neceſſary accompliſhment. The fellow went by the name of *the Brute*—a name he very well deſerved for his quarrelſome unacccommodating temper. To Mr. Modeley's remark, that he ſuppoſed the quarrel to be one of his old tricks, he replied, "Why, damn'um, he ſeems as much inclined to the ſtuff as myſelf.". Mr. Modely attended the champions, and as it was not yet eight o'clock, and in the ſummer time it was ſtill broad day-light; Sir Harry ſlipt back to the boxes to fetch his brother Baronet out, and going up to him, whiſpered, "You muſt come out immediately with me; Mr. Modeley is got into the midſt of a crowd to ſee a battle, and I never ſhall be able, alone, to get him away from it."—Sir Sandy at firſt demurred; but, being ſtrenuouſly aſſured it was abſolutely neceſſary, very reluctantly departed. Our hero, thus left alone with the fair miſtreſs of his heart, loſt not, in uſeleſs compliments, the precious moment, but courageouſly began his attack. With all the rapture and enthuſiaſm, though with the utmoſt delicacy and reſpect of a true lover, he he declared the force and conſtancy of his attachment; he lamented the dreadful bar to his hopes, which he had that evening heard, and confeſſed it was by a manœuvre of his friend ſir Harry, that he enjoyed the preſent moment. He declared that no power ſhould weaken his adoration; that from the firſt inſtant he had by chance ſeen her, to the preſent time, her beloved perſon had never been abſent from his thoughts,—that no other motive than the dread of eternally loſing her, induced him to take the preſent liberty, and that every other conſideration was loſt in that fear. Candidly and openly did he explain the uncertainty of his ſituation in life—an orphan, exiſting on the bounty of ſtrangers; yet was he but favoured with one hope from her, there was no ſituation, however great, on the face of the earth, that he would change for his preſent low one. To all this the aſhoniſhed young lady looked very grave, and more than once did ſhe beg him to drop all further thoughts of her; that ſhe ſhould always conſider herſelf gratefully obliged for the never-to-be-forgotten reſcue; but.—The voice of the charming girl could not be attuned to a diſcordant note; and our hero, ſending gratitude and obligation to the winds, again declared the violence and purity of his love, and begged, if happily he was not deemed unworthy her notice, ſhe would not too haſtily beſtow that hand upon another, "which it ſhall be the pride and glory of my life," ſaid he, "to win and to deſerve. It is not the beauteous Miſs Modeley, the favourite of fortune, the idol of mankind, that I adore; no, it is that lovely unknown girl whoſe harp and voice, vibrating to my ſoul, irreſiſtibly drew me a willing captive to her charms; whoſe beaming eyes, the index of her heavenly mind, enrapt my aſtoniſhed ſenſes; and to be bleſſed with her favour," concluded the youth, "I will willingly dedicate every day of my life, and forego every other earthly comfort and enjoyment."—Such was the ſubſtance of our hero's amorous declaration? nor did the fair hearer, though rather ſurpriſed, turn a deaf ear, or chill the happy ſpeaker with a cold indifference. The deep gravity of the young lady ſhewed that the ſubject was of no trifling nature, and ſo kindly ſhe bid him forget her, that more firmly was ſhe ſeated in his

[*See 150th page for continuation.*]

SCHABRACO.

A ROMANCE.

[*Continued from page* 143.]

RINALDO bowed in ſad ſubmiſſion, to the queſtion; while his heart floated in anguiſh for the fate of his almoſt unknown parents.

From Count Piozzi's relation they gathered, that Stephano, taking advantage of Sabrina's naturally enthuſiaſtic turn, omitted no opportunity of giving her a diſguſt to the laudable pleaſures of ſociety. Religion was repreſented as exacting a poſitive obſervance of its ſtricteſt tenets. Domeſtic, friendly, and even conjugal duties were reprobated as ſenſual; and for ſome time his inſinuations failed in their effect. Indeed he thought proper to relax in ſome degree, leſt her love and obedience to the huſband of her choice might lead to a diſcovery, not altogether ſuitable to his views. Delighted to find the path of duty, a path to happineſs, Sabrina's cheerfulneſs became an additional pleaſure to thoſe about her; and Stephano, from her confeſſion, found no reaſon to ſuppoſe ſhe would ever name him as an adviſer or promoter of a contrary conduct. The birth of Rinaldo ſeemed to her as the very climax of felicity; but ſhocking to ſay, it proved a ſtimulus for villainy to exerciſe its horrid talents upon. Gradually, and by the practice of infernal cunning, the Monk again renewed the terrors of Sabrina's mind. Her tenderneſs to her infant was a criminal weakneſs. Her huſband, he plainly underſtood, had rivalled the holy ſaint to whom ſhe owed the humbleſt adoration. The innocent gaiety of an untainted heart, he denounced as perfectly incompatible with a religious ſpirit. In ſhort, ſuch was his power, and ſo fully did he exert it, that it ſoon produced the melancholy ſo much deplored by her friends.

When a mind ſo effectually becomes a prey to the ſlavery of ſuperſtition, it loſes all firmneſs; a common invention can govern it; the ſlighteſt events encreaſe it. What chance, then, had the unfortunate Sabrina (given up, as ſhe was, to the influence of Diabolical art, and without the privilege of claiming the advice of friends) to eſcape its deſtructive influence? Stephano ſaw his advantage, and availed himſelf accordingly. A convent was the reſource he pointed out as a poſitive cure for ſins like her's. It was true her reſolution, if taken publicly, would be combated by a thouſand oppoſers—within—without—relations—— acquaintances. All who knew not, or felt not, the importance of ſuch a vocation, would ſet their faces againſt the pious reſolution. Sabrina trembled; her ſalvation was at ſtake. What was the world—its pleaſures—even the pureſt of its gratifications—when put in competition with her ſoul's welfare! Sabrina heſitated—ſhrunk from the compariſon; but Stephano conquered! It was then Durandor's aſſiſtance was thought neceſſary. His Lady could not depart alone, and her ſpiritual father choſe not to give his ſanction to the ſtep ſhe was to take. Her agonies at quitting the aſylum of her virtue may be better imagined than deſcribed: but there was no alternative—accompanied by Durandor ſhe went to a convent at ſome little diſtance from Florence. The civilities of her ſuperiors mitigated in a trifling degree, her excruciating ſorrow; while Stephano, who had privately followed, contrived by his denunciations to ſilence the pleadings of nature in behalf of her child; but he could not conquer them. Her tears flowed inceſſantly, nor could ſhe derive any conſolation for his aſſurances, that her ſalvation would now be ſecure.

The anguiſh which Signoria Leoni could not overcome, was a bar to Stephano's intention. The abbeſs, who little imagined his motives were otherwiſe than conducive to the honor of their church, added all her rhetoric to his; and between both, Sabrina found her fears encreaſed, and her reſolution to quit the world decidedly ſtrengthened: but it was no part of her ſpiritual director's purpoſe to let her remain at that convent. The black deſign ſo artfully covered, muſt forever lie concealed while ſhe was under ſuch protection. Revenge for the diſtance he had been held at by Leoni, the infamous paſſion he had long indulged for Sabrina, and the gratifieation of an avaricious diſpoſition, goaded him eventually to his own deſtruction. There was no time to loſe; her abode would ſoon be traced; yet ſome delicacy, as well as caution, was neceſſary in her removal, to prevent ſuſpicion. How it was effected Sabrina could not tell with reſpect to the Lady Abbeſs; but ſhe certainly parted with the poor victim with an indifference bordering on contempt; and on the fourteenth day from her firſt elopement ſhe found herſelf in the houſe in Calabria.

To deſcribe the various methods practiſed on her by various ſuperſtious turns, and her natural gentleneſs, would characteriſe a duplicity and baſeneſs which may hereafter be more fully elucidated; it is ſufficient to ſay, that from the moment ſhe diſcovered his horrible deſigns, her deteſtation of the man, and the reproaches of an enlightened mind, were extreme. The imbecility which had favoured Stephano's execrable art was no more. She could perceive the extent of her hopeleſs ſituation, but that perception was covered with all the terrors incident to ſuch a diſcovery. Torn from, or rather impelled by, the conjunctive effects of villainous ſophiſtry and a credulous belief, the ſweet aſſociation of maternal and conjugal duties——plunged into irremediable diſgrace—and completely in the power of one who dared to veil his impious motives under the ſacred cover of religion (a dreadful proof of his flagitious ſpirit,) how was ſhe to eſcape the miſchief already cloſing about her, eſpecially as the ſincerity of her expoſtulations had already produced the cruelleſt threatenings of ſevere confinement.

For ſome months ſucceeding her flight from Leghorn ſhe was permitted the liberty of wandering about the environs of her priſon, but never till night had ſhrouded every diſtant object from her view. To account even for this liberty, it is proper to obſerve, that Stephano had ſuddenly withdrawn himſelf, leaving Durandor as no improper ſubſtitute. However, although perpetually watched by this treacherous delegate, ſhe felt ſome ſatisfaction in gaining a conſiderable ſuſpenſion from the tortures of Stephano's bruti ſh addreſs, whoſe dreaded return produced an immediate renewal of his former conduct. Irritated at treatment ſo indignant, her once gentle ſpirit no longer ſubmitted in ſilence to the degrading propoſals ſhe was condemned to hear. She freely and pointedly reproached his ſacrilegious views, placed in the moſt glaring light his vile, deceptious method of poiſoning a ductile and innocent mind, tearing her from the boſom of a family who properly appreciated thoſe qualities they were fond of encouraging. She was going on, when ſeizing her arm with a violence ſhe could not withſtand, while his eyes gleamed with vindictive rage from beneath his rugged brow, he forcibly drew her to a flight of ſtairs that deſcended below the pavement of the great hall, and ſtopping a moment as if to gather breath (for Sabrina did not eaſily ſubmit to be thus cruelly dragged) he pointed to the dark and ruined ſteps, as if to warn her of ſome ſhocking evil yet to come,

She trembled, and the more, when in a hollow under tone, he told her thoſe ſtairs led to her grave, unleſs ſhe compli ed with the terms he had ſo often held out. "Determine, then," cried the monſter. 'Behold yon ſoftened twilight ſhedding his divine influence around, enjoy the reviving evening breeze that gently waves thoſe golden orange bloſſoms before yon open caſement; but, *remember*——' and he pauſed, as if to give his denunciation greater weight ——'remember, unleſs your deciſion is in my favour, all the beauties of creation will from this hour be eternally ſhut from your ſenſes—Deep—deep in the bowels of the earth ſhall be your abode.——Fool, doſt thou heſitate?—Is the alternative ſo unconſequential?'

Sabrina did look into the horrible diſcloſure—ſhe did caſt an eager eye upon the lingering ſhades of evening—The golden bloſſoms perfumed with a grateful ſcent the extenſive apartment; and again ſhe dropped a frightened gaze upon the ſcene below.

'Speak,' cried the wretch, ſhaking her ſhoulder with unfeeling roughneſs—'Will you comply?'

'Never!' anſwered Sabrina——'Never!'——and her tears began to ſtream—'But hear me, Stephano—Father, I would ſay—once thou waſt my ſpiritual father—commiſſioned from the moſt high with meſſages of grace & peace:—I thought—but nay,—hear me—How, how have I deſerved this? Nay—force me not below the confines of—Ah, Monſter!—Monſter! tear me not thus from life, and hope!'

Deaf to the unconnected petition, he looſened her hands from the wall to which ſhe clung, and, maugre her ſtrong attempts to reſiſt the unmanly treatment, dragged her to the bottom of the ſteps which were dimly illumined by the evening ray. Exhauſted by her violent endeavours, ſhe now ſubmitted to be carried along a gloomy paſſage, till arriving at a ſort of niche in the wall, he placed her on a ſeat, where ſhe ſunk inſenſible of her wrongs, nor recovered till by a feeble light ſtreaming from a lamp ſuſpended from above, ſhe perceived herſelf in a receſs, but whether below the foundation of the houſe or not, ſhe could not aſcertain. On a table, near the matraſs deſigned for her bed, lay refreſhments of different ſorts; and had it not been for an earthy dampneſs that aroſe about her, ſhe could have fancied herſelf as well accommodated as before.

It ſeemed as if her reſolute denial had entirely changed the courſe of Stephano's intentions. His viſits were ſeldom, and marked with a ſullenneſs bordering on hatred. She was regularly ſerved with proviſions; and in a tedious illneſs that ſucceeded this horrible uſage, which was attended with almoſt continual inſenſibility, ſhe faintly remembered the appearance of female figures; but upon addreſſing one of them in a reaſonable interval, ſhe could not obtain a ſingle monoſyllable in anſwer; nor could ſhe ever underſtand to what was owing her emancipation from her ſuppoſed dungeon, unleſs it might be owing to the repreſentation of the woman ſhe recollected to have ſeen; but as if the reſtleſs paſſions of her monkiſh perſecutor had found other ſources of gratification, ſhe once more ſo far provoked him by her ſpirited conduct, as to bring upon herſelf the dreadful conſequences of his revenge; and again was forcibly compelled to take up her abode in another ſubterranean priſon, where (notwithſtanding the cheering light of day was totally excluded) ſhe was comforted by ſometimes hearing the ſounds deſcend from above her head; the braying of mules, the jingling of their bells, the voices of their drivers, and thoſe of ſuch creatures as were to be met with in that dreary ſpot. Even the roaring thunder and whiſtling wind carried a gleam of conſolation to a heart thus torn from its deareſt claims. But what afforded a ſuperior pleaſure, was the poſſeſſion of a guitar, which next to the exerciſe of rational (not enthuſiaſtic) piety, cheated the weary hours of half their anxiety; and thus paſſed eleven years of almoſt unintermitted ſolitude.

Her diet was ſpare, and ſcantily ſupplied, but it was equal to the demand of nature. She had the ſatisfaction of knowing it was regularly brought by a female, whoſe decent attentions to perſonal inconveniencies was grateful to the diſtreſſed Sabrina; but her kindneſs extended not to ſpeech, and our poor captive was obliged to content herſelf with ſuch limited enjoyments.

It was now her poſitive opinion that father Stephano's revenge would end but with her exiſtence, and that ſhe ſhould endure it in no other ſhape than that of perpetual confinement. She would ſigh, and weep, when agoniſing retroſpection brought the idea of her dear, deſerted relatives before her; and years had elapſed before ſhe could think of them with chriſtian reſignation. But there were moments when even the tendereſt recollections diſcompoſed not the calm and pious frame ſhe was ſedulous to obtain; and in thoſe moments her triumph was complete.

It was impoſſible for Sabrina to account for her ſudden liberation from her priſon, which only happened on the day, or rather evening, previous to Piozzi's viſit; when to her utter amazement, Stephano preſented himſelf at the door of her cavern, and offering his hand, led her through a long arched vault which opened into paſſages of a low, narrow conſtruction. Sabrina conjectured, from the time they were paſſing through them, that her abode was at ſome diſtance from the houſe; and this well accounts for the myſterious muſic Rinaldo had ſo recently heard. The appearance of Durandor, who met at the trap door thro' which ſhe had formerly been conveyed, contributed not to calm the emotions Stephano excited. In his countenance ſhe traced the dark and gloomy features of unſatisfied vengeance——in Durandor's expreſſion of fear, ſervility and confuſion. She was conducted into an apartment on the ground floor, when Durandor retired, and her heart throbbed with agony inexpreſſible; when Stephano, again catching her hand, and puſhing her as it were from him, fixed an eye ſo terrible—ſo malignant—ſo indicative of murder upon her death like features, that ſhe ſunk intuitively upon her knee before him, while he uttered, in tremendous, yet half ſmooth'd accents—"*Sabrina, thou muſt die!*"—At the ſame inſtant drawing a weapon from his boſom, which he was upon the point of plunging into her's, when impelled by that nameleſs ſomething which clings to a deſire of life, ſhe ſtarted from him and fled.

What followed this eventful moment has already been deſcribed, and we ſhall now return to the wretched Schabraco, who owed the prolongation of a pernicious life to the care of Durandor. Revived by the adminiſtration of volatile eſſences, that miſerable victim to depraved and villainous principles, expreſſed in terms the moſt diabolical, his hatred of Piozzi, Sabrina, and thoſe whom he had ſo deeply injured.—"I tell you, Durandor," he cried, "my ſoul will never know peace till the whole of that race is aboliſhed! They have gone before me in every great and noble purpoſe. But for the birth of him whom I deteſt, Stephano would have inherited the honours of Piozzi. The plea of illegitimacy was incompetent to my diſpoſſeſſion of them.

(To be continued.) to page 207

heart. Her ſmiles, though faint, pierced through his ſuſceptible frame; and at the laſt ſhe modeſtly confeſſed, "that—if—ſhould—certainly ſhe did not hate,—never would be ſwayed by pride or wealth,—obedience to her father,—but—would—not—raſhly—give her hand to any other."—Oh! with what anxious and eager attention did the ears of the youth catch every ſound that came from her ruby lips. But leaving the happy lover (I might ſay lovers) for a few minutes, let us ſee how Dick conducts himſelf through his part of the tragi-comedy.

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CHAP. XIV.

In mid career the rider oft reſtrains
The fiery courſer's ſpeed with gentle reins;
But ſeldom Reaſon's curb will hold confin'd
The unruly paſſions of an am'rous mind.

Orlan. Fur.

ARRIVED at the field of battle, the combatants were ſoon ſtripped and ready. A knowing old raſcal ſeconded the Brute, and Mr. Modeley got one of the tame kidney to do the like for Dick. The firſt ſet-to after a few manœuvres (for Dick was not totally ignorant of the pugiliſtic art,) proved fatal to poor Dick, who was ſtruck to the ground with great violence. The ſecond was with no better ſucceſs, though rather longer conteſted; his adverſary was a veteran in the ſcience, with all the ſkill and tricks belonging to it. As his ſecond again lifted him from the ground, the boxer ſaid coolly, yet loud enough to be heard by Dick—"He's a damn'd ſtrong fellow to be ſure, but knows nothing of the true ſort, I've got it hollow." Dick reddened with indignation; the violence of his temper, which he had before reſtrained, as he tried to fight with coolneſs, returned like a ſtrong bow that ſnaps its ſtring; reaſon, every idea of fear and of care, totally forſook him: to be beat was enough to turn him mad: to be contemned and conquered, was far more dreadful than death. Again, therefore, as the third time he came forward, no appalled looks or diminiſhed courage were to be ſeen, but a countenance, a fiery eye, a ſoul harrowing ſmile, in which the very furies themſelves ſeemed triumphant. For a moment the boxer forgot his ſucceſs; for a moment Dick pauſed as he darted his eye towards him; then with a deſperate fury that baffles all deſcription, he ruſhed forward, and, regardleſs of all oppoſition, threw himſelf headlong with a dreadful force upon the other. Not with more determined courage did Curtius leap into the gulf—not with more violence does the madman daſh his brains out againſt the wall. The craſh was indeed moſt dreadful; his head encountered the face of his opponent, in vain defended by his fiſts, and the two combatants fell with an horrid violence on the ground. For ſome moments neither ſhewed any ſigns of life; the aſtoniſhed ſpectators looked aghaſt; the noiſy tumult, that before ſurrounded them, was at once huſhed; as rivetted by a thunder ſtroke, no one ſpoke or ſtirred. At laſt the ſeconds, at the ſame time, lifted up their proſtrate friends, as yet without motion, and called for a ſurgeon; a perſon from amongſt the crowd ſoon ſtepped forward, and opened a vein of each. Dick firſt began to bleed; and before the other had exhibited any ſigns of life, the ſurgeon declared that his ſcull was fractured. Mr. Modeley, who thought himſelf in ſome degree anſwerable for Dick, ordered him to be carried to the neareſt inn, and have every care and attendance, for which he would take care to pay. Sir Harry, who knew himſelf the adviſer of the miſchief, ſpoke to the ſurgeon, and deſired him not to leave the man till he came. The other fellow, a native of Briſtol, was directly carried home by his party. "Who this mad fellow can be," ſaid Mr. Modeley, as he ſlowly proceeded to the theatre, "I have no idea, unleſs it is the devil himſelf." I think ſaid Sir Harry, pretending to muſe, "I recollect his face, he is a ſervant to a gentleman we left to take care of Miſs Modeley as we came after you; his name is Smith."—"The very perſon—gentlemen I mean," ſaid Sir Sandy addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Modely, "we met with on the Durham road, when Miſs Eliza was carried off." "Indeed!" ſaid Mr. Modeley, "Sir Sandy, you ought not to have left my daughter with a ſtranger." Sir Sandy excuſed himſelf, in that he came to his aſſiſtance: and Mr. Modeley, without reply, made haſte to his daughter. Sir Harry Valence began to ſee the force of the former acquaintance of his young friend; he had heard ſome imperfect ſtories of Miſs Modeley's being forced away, and reſcued by a young lad, whom he never ſuppoſed to be Smith. But our hero, when he came to town, had undergone ſome little metamorphoſe in his dreſs and appearance; particularly his hair had been tied and powdered, which gave him a more manly exterior. When Mr. Modeley had entered, and been pointedly introduced by Sir Harry to Smith, our hero began to be anxious concerning Dick, and very ſoon after, with Sir Harry, left the houſe: they went ſtraight to the inn where Dick had been carried, and found the inſtantaneous bleeding had produced the moſt happy effect, by recovering him nearly as well as ever. He only felt a little weak: and, as he was under the beſt care and attention, they left him for the night. Smith retired with Sir Harry to the tavern where he had dined, and where the other had alſo dined, (though in a private room;) they agreed to eat their ſuppers together. Our hero explained to the Baronet his firſt acquaintance with Miſs Modely, in as modeſt a manner as a man can ſpeak his own praiſe; and with the ardour of youth confeſſed that he was over head and ears in love. Sir Harry, in anſwer, with equal candour informed him, that the certainty that there were no hopes, had prevented his aſpiring, "a very large property," ſaid he, "depends upon her marriage with Sir Sandy; I have therefore kept myſelf unſhackled, and I adviſe you to do the ſame; ſo my boy, I'll give you my favourite toaſt, Variety." Sir Harry, at this period of his life, was, what might be called, "a good man of the world; and perhaps approached much nearer to that character, which Lord Cheſterfield drew, that a man of faſhion ſhould be, than all the ſyſtematical rakes and libertines that have been impoſed upon us as ſuch. The converſation ſoon returned to Miſs Modeley, and Sir Sandy Seimon Swain; when Sir Harry informed Smith of a curious circumſtance by which he had an hold upon Sir Sandy, and which ſhewed the poverty of the rich Baronet's ſpirits. "Sir Sandy," ſaid he, "has a ſmall property in my neighbourhood, a thing not worth his notice. Now, as I am the lord of the manor, by certain grants in my option, either to refuſe or beſtow, I can ſave Sir Sandy the vaſt ſum of ten pounds a year, which otherwiſe he would be compelled to pay an attorney for different powers, that I give him gratis. The fear, leſt I ſhould refuſe my conſent, obliges him to be very civil to me; and beſides, I confeſs, (for he is the greateſt coward breathing) I ſometimes bully him a little, when he proves at all reſtive." In developing the characters of our hero's new acquaintance, the gentlemen ſat together till a late hour. The character of the father he could not well explain, "ſo

greatly is he altered," said Sir Harry, since his beloved daughter is become more of the woman. He used to be generous, open, and liberal, but now he is uncivil, and suspicious of every young man he sees, and wants to marry his daughter as fast as possible." Sir Harry was also an Oxonian; and told Smith he should be at college the term he intended to reside. Smith was pleased with the circumstance, as he was much taken with his new acquaintance; and the young men parted at a late hour with mutual professions of civility and friendship.

The critic, Horace, in his Art of Poetry, has, among his other excellent rules, informed us, that if we wish to be consistent, we should preserve our characters the same to the end of the tale as we introduced them at the beginning. The hero of the present story has never been presented to the reader as bold and forward, or deficient in that modest bashfulness so conspicuous and so commendable in every youth of any sentiment or feeling. He has not been described as the conceited self-sufficient coxcomb; but his behavior in the last chapter, at the theatre, at least gives him some claim to the character. His eager invention of a scheme, and ready adoption of the one proposed, that he might enjoy an opportunity of speaking to his lovely mistress alone, shows no little forwardness; and the eager and impetuous manner in which he declared his passion for the fair object, has a great deal more of self sufficiency than bashfulness in it. Love, to be sure, almighty love, works wonders: witness the tales from Cymon and Ephigenia, as told by the ready wit of a Boccase, to a no less wonderful, bold, and successful adventure of the present day. Once upon a time, also, a country farmer was lamenting to his neighbour the childish stupidity of his ony son and hopeful heir, young Clodpole. "I tell thee what," replied the other, a steady shrewd old fellow; "I saw him kiss the dairy maid, the other night, at the harvest home, and he licked his lips most comfortably after it: now, I suspect, friend, he is abont to fall in love, and if he does, au rot him, don't thee never fear; love will soon make a man of him."—All this and a great deal more, concerning love, might be said in favour of our hero, who if ever a youth of seventeen was violently smitten, had as good a cause as any Romeo, Pyramus, &c. &c. &c. ever had before him. But there was another torch besides Cupid's, which had kindled our hero's heart on the last evening; and which we are told from very good authority, "opens all its pores." Bacchus, jolly Bacchus, had unusually inspired him in the first dozen of glasses of champaign which had ever passed his lips. Good wine had laid open each avenue of his heart; and Love, the reigning deity, no longer to be controuled, burst forth from his tongue.—This had worked the mighty wonders of the preceding evening; the brisk champaign had at once severed the gordian knot of youthful diffidence.

cont. 171

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. SALLY MARTIN,

Late Wife of Mr. ALEXANDER MARTIN, *of this City.*

[By a female Friend.]

CAN I in silence, such a loss lament,
Nor give my pain'd, my o'ercharg'd bosom vent?
Must still the anxious sigh, the melting tear,
Be all the vouchers, that my grief's sincere?
In sad reflection no relief I find;
While her dear image, fills my pensive mind:
Nor can my tho'ts, how free soe'er they flow,
Express the worth of her who wakes my woe.
How does she beauteous in my mind appear,
As when she passed her short probation here;
Each duty practis'd; shone with ev'ry grace;
And prov'd a conqueror in the christian race.

Methinks I see her, as she late was seen,
Of manners gentle, and of modest mien:
Methinks I hear her, and with joy attend
The converse sweet of an instructive friend,
Whose hallow'd soul with every virtue glow'd,
Bright as the radiant stars that croud the milky road.

To each her tender charities were given;
For well she knew her sure reward in heaven.
Her ways were winning, gentle and refin'd;
The certain offspring of th' accomplish'd mind.

But ah, what can assuage a mother's grief?
What tho'ts inspire, what words convey relief?
Who can restore her *dearest* SALLY'S charms,
Or back her image bring to bless her widow'd arms?

Doom'd on the wish to dwell, and dwell in vain;
A wish that burdens every tho't with pain.
But who can e'er forget each blooming grace,
Her wit enticing, and engaging face;
Her kindness, courtesy, obedience, love;
Th' associate virtues of the world above?
Beauty and goodness such we cease to know:
Long for such charms a parent's tears must flow.
And long such charms, dear saint, shall I deplore;
'Till tiresome life's dull season's shall be o'er.
For when thy mem'ry is no longer dear,
And thy lov'd name starts not the ready tear:
When I forget thy virtues, may I be
Forgot of those who most resemble thee.

ELIZA S.

Baltimore.

From the general alarm that prevails in the city, and the number of families that have removed from Fell's Point, (rendering it very precarious whether my subscribers receive their numbers or not) added to the impossibility of procuring Carriers, I have conceived it most advisable to suspend for a short time the publication of the Magazine. This can be no disadvantage to the subscribers, as the exact numbers will be delivered hereafter.

EULOGIUM ON RUM.

ARISE! ye pimpled, tipling race, arise!
From every town and village tavern come!
Shew your red noses and o'erflowing eyes,
And help your poet chaunt the praise of rum.
The cordial drop, the morning dram, I sing,
The mid day toddy, and the evening sling.

Hail mighty rum! and by this general name
I call each species, whiskey, gin or brandy:
The kinds are various—but the effect the same;
And so I choose a name that's short and handy:
(For reader know, it takes a deal of time
To make a crooked word lie smooth in rhyme.)

Hail, mighty rum! thy song inspiring merit
Is known to many a bard in these our days:
Apollo's drink, they find, is void of spirit—
Mere chicken-broth—insipid as their lays:
And pleas'd, they'd give a riv'let—aye a sea
Of tuneful water, for one quart of thee!

Hail, mighty rum! how wond'rous is thy pow'r!
Unwarm'd by thee, how would our spirits fail,
When dark December comes, with aspect sour,
And, sharp as razor, blows the northern gale!
And yet thou'rt grateful in that sultry day,
When raging Sirius darts his fervid ray.

Hail, mighty rum! to thee the wretched fly;
And find a sweet oblivion of their woes;
Lock'd in thy arms, as in the grave they lie—
Forget their kindred—and forgive their foes—
And Lethe's stream, (so much extoll'd by some,
In ancient times) I shrewdly guess was rum.

Hail, mighty rum! what can thy pow'r withstand!
E'en lordly reason flies thy dreadful face:
And health, and joy, and all the lovely band
Of social virtues, shun thy dwelling place.
(For in whatever breast it rears its throne,
Like Turkish monarchs, rum must rule alone.)

When our bold fathers cross'd th' Atlantic wave,
And here arriv'd, a weak, defenceless band,
Pray, what became of all the tribes so brave—
The savage owners of this happy land?
Were they sent headlong to the realms below,
"By doom of battle?" friend I answer no.

Our fathers were too wise to think of war;
They knew the woodlands were not quickly past,
They might have met with many an ugly scar—
Lost many a foretop, and been beat at last.
But Rum, assisted by his son, Disease,
Perform'd the business with surprising ease.

And would our western brethren be less proud, or,
In other words, throw by the gun and drum,
For ducks and squirrels, save their lead and powder,
And send the taway rogues some pipes of rum—
I dare predict, they all would gladly suck it;
And every mother's son soon kick the bucket.

But lo! th' ingratitude of Adam's race!
Though all these clever things to rum we owe—
Gallons of ink are squirted in his face;
And his bruis'd back is bang'd with many a blow:
Some hounds of note have rung his funeral knell,
And ev'ry puppy joins the general yell.

So have I seen (the simile is fine;
And wonderfully pat, though rather old)
When rising Phœbus shot his rays benign,
A flock of sheep come skipping from the fold;
Some restless sheep cries baa; and all the throng,
Ewes, rams, lambs, wethers, bellowing pour along.

But fear not, rum, though fiercely they assail,
And none but I, the bard, thy cause defend,
Think not thy foes—tho' num'rous—shall prevail,
Thy pow'r diminish, or thy being end:
Though spurn'd from table, and the public eye,
In the snug closet safely shalt thou lie.

And oft, when Sol's proud chariot quits the sky,
And humbler Cynthia mounts her one horse chair,
To that snug closet shall thy vot'ry fly;
And, rapt in darkness, keep his orgies there;
Lift the full bottle, joyous, to his head,
Then great as Cæsar, reel sublime to bed.

The why, the when, the wherefore and the what.

—

An Epitaph on a Hermit.

FOR years upon a mountain's brow,
A hermit liv'd, the Lord knows *how*,
A robe and sackcloth did he wear,
He got his food the Lord knows *where*;
Hardships and patience were his lot,
He often pray'd the Lord knows *what*;
At length this holy man did die,
He left the world the Lord knows *why*;
He's buried in this gloomy den,
And he shall rise, the Lord knows *when*.

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